Of his true ſtate.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion,but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Maddam,it ſo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way,of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as *I* thinke,they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Maieſties
To heare and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.

Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ.& Guyl,*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*,leaue vs two,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as't were by accedent,may heere
Affront *Ophelia*;her father and my ſelfe,
Wee'le ſo beſtow out ſelues,that ſeeing vnſeene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If't be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he ſuffers for.

Qee. I ſhall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*,I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildnes,ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam,I wiſh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere:gracious ſo pleaſe y'ou,

We will beſtow our ſelues;reade on this booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may collour
Your lowlineſſe;we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd,that with deuotions viſage
And pious action,we doe ſugar ore
The Diuell himſelfe.

King, O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming,with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be,or not to be,that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing,end them:To die to ſleepe
No more:and by a ſleepe,to ſay we end
The hart-ake,and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſumation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe,
To ſleepe,perchance to dreame,I there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come?
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe,there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong,the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of office,and the lawes delay,
The inſolence of office,and the ſpurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When himſelfe might his *quietas* make
With a bare bodkin;who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd country,from whoſe borne